

## THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription: One year in advance \$2.00; Six months in advance \$1.25; Three months in advance \$0.75; Single copies 10 cents.

Terms of Advertising: One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion 10 cents; subsequent insertions 5 cents; one month 30 cents; three months 80 cents; six months 1.50; one year 3.00.

Notation of Candidates: For State Offices, \$5.00; For County Offices, \$2.50; For Local Offices, \$1.00.

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

Rate of Advertising: One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion 10 cents; subsequent insertions 5 cents; one month 30 cents; three months 80 cents; six months 1.50; one year 3.00.

A. WOODS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

W. B. CALDWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

ELLIS & MARTIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

H. L. STEVENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

J. D. ARNOLD, SURGEON DENTIST, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

ALL WORK EXECUTED IN THE MOST DURABLE AND ECONOMICAL MANNER. CHARGES VERY MODERATE.

Sir Boyle's Blunders. Many of these are preserved. "Sir, I would give up half my property, the whole of my fortune, to see you in the position of a minister. Hearing that Admiral Howe was in quest of the French, he remarked somewhat pleasantly that the Admiral would sweep the French fleet off the face of the earth. By and by came dangerous times of disaffection, and honest men's lives were insecure. Sir Boyle writes from the country to a friend in the capital this discouraging view of his position: 'You may judge, he says, 'of our state when I tell you that I write this with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other.' On another occasion, when the famous letters to the Public Advertiser were attracting universal attention, Sir Boyle was heard to complain bitterly of the attacks of a certain anonymous writer called Junius. It was who who recounted that marvelous performance in gymnastics, when in a tumult of loyalty, he 'stood prostrate at the feet of his Sovereign.' He it was who denounced, in withering language, the apostate politician, who 'turned his back upon himself.' It was who who introduced to public notice the ingenious yet partially confused metaphor of the rat. 'Sir,' he said, addressing the Speaker of the Irish House, 'I smell a rat. I see him brewing in the air; but, mark me, I shall yet pin him in the bud.' There was the famous speech which confounded generations. 'I don't see, Mr. Speaker, why we should put ourselves out of the way to serve posterity. What has ever posterity done for us?' He was a little disconcerted by the burst of laughter that followed, and proceeded to explain its meaning: 'By posterity, sir, I do not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come immediately after us.' His invitation to the nobleman on his travels was hospitable and well-meant—but equivocal. 'I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house you'll stay there all night.' It was who who stood up for the proper dimensions of the wine bottle, and proposed to Parliament that it should be made compulsory that 'every quart bottle should contain a quart.' Very pleasant, and yet perfectly intelligible—though it unhappily took the fatal-bottle shape—was his rebuke to the shoe-maker, when getting shoes for his gouty limbs: 'I told you to make one longer than the other, and instead of that, you have made one smaller than the other—the very opposite.'

## THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral. Rising silent In the red sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village, Like the Afreet in the Arabian story, Smoky columns Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering firelight; Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer, Social watchfires Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth lighted logs are glowing, And like Ariel in the cloven pine tree For its freedom Groans and sighs the old man imprisoned in them.

By the fireside the old man seated Seeing ruined cities in ashes, Asking sadly Of the past what it can never restore them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside the old man dreamed a, Building castles for, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the future what it cannot give them.

pressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and so she let the matter pass.

On the following morning the last bit of food in the house was put on the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food.

For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortune, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and letting the future take care of itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear, and when he left the house he said, "Something must be done."

No sooner had her husband gone than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her oldest child was a girl eleven years old and her youngest four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were well known to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood looked up her house and went away. She returned at noon, bringing some dinner for her children, and then went away again. She came home in the evening before her husband, carrying a heavy basket on her arm.

"Well, Peter," she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down "what luck?"

"Nothing, nothing!" he groaned. "I made out to get a dinner with an old chum, but could not find work."

"And where have you looked to-day?"

"O, everywhere. I've been to a hundred places, but it's the same story in every place. It's nothing but one eternal no, no, no. I'm sick and tired of it."

"And what have you offered to do?"

"Why, I have even gone so far as to offer to tend a liquor store down the street."

The wife smiled.

"Now, what shall we do?" uttered Peter.

"Now, we will eat our supper, and then talk the matter over."

"Supper? Have you any?"

"Plenty of it."

"But you told me you had none."

"Neither had I this morning, but I have been after work to-day and found some."

"Been after work and found some?"

"Yes."

"But how—where?"

"Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's. I knew her girl was sick, and hoped she might have work to be done. I went to her and told her my story, and she set me at work at once doing her washing. She gave me food to bring home to my children, and paid me three shillings when I got through."

"You been washing for our butcher's wife?" said Peter, looking very much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have thereby earned enough to keep us in food through to-morrow at any rate; so to-morrow you may come home to dinner."

"But how about the rent?"

"Oh, I have seen Mr. Simpson, told him just how we were situated, and offered him my watch in pledge for the payment of our rent within two months, with interest on arrears up to date. I told him I did the business because you were away hunting for work."

"So he's got your watch?"

"No, he wouldn't take it. He said if I would become responsible for the rent he would let it rest."

"There, we've got a roof to cover us, and good food for to-morrow, but what next? Oh, what a curse these hard times are."

"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got enough engaged to keep us alive."

"Ah, what is that?"

"Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, and bundles and so forth to his rich customers. He has had to give up one of his horses."

"Maria, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Mr. Snow came to dinner; I was there and asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send around to his customers. Never mind what he said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to call upon the miller that lounge about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I'm to be there in good season in the morning."

"This is a pretty go; my wife turned butcher's boy! You will not do any such thing."

"And why not?"

"Because."

"Say, because it will lower me in the social scale."

"Well, so it will."

"Then it is more honorable to lie still and starve to death than to earn honest bread by honest work. I tell you Peter, if you cannot find work I must."

We should have been without bread to-night, had I not found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light agreeable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends, and engage in them. At such a time as this it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do, so long as it is honest. Oh, give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts and the independence to be governed by my own convictions of right."

promised that he would go to the butcher's in the morning."

And Peter Stanwood went to his new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one to a Mr. Smith's and another to Mr. Dixall's. The new carrier worked all day and when it came night he had earned ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials, but no one sneered at him, and all of his acquaintances whom he met greeted him the same as usual. He was far happier now than he was when he went home the night before, for now he was independent.

On the next day he earned over a dollar, and thus he continued to work for a week, at the end of which he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat that Snow had given them. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder, who had been discharged with himself. Leeds looked care-worn and rusty.

"How goes it?" asked Peter.

"Don't ask me," groaned Mark. "My family are half starved."

"But can't you find anything to do?"

"Nothing."

"Have you tried?"

"Everywhere; but it's no use. I have pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I've been to the laundry to-day, and what do you suppose he offered me?"

"What was it?"

"Why, he offered to let me do his hand carting? He has just turned off his man for drunkenness, and offered me the place. The old curmudgeon. I had a great mind to pitch him into the hand cart and run him into the street."

"If I had been in your place I should have taken up with the offer."

Mark mentioned the name of the same individual again.

"Why," resumed Peter, "I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a whole week."

Mark was incredulous, but his companion convinced him, and they separated, one going home happy and contented, and the other going away from home to find some sort of excitement in which to drown his misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to his former employer. He took the load upon his arm, and just as he was entering the yard of the customer, he met him coming out.

"Ah, Stanwood, is this you?" asked his old employer, kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"And what are you up to now?"

"I'm a butcher's boy, sir."

"A what?"

"You see I've brought provisions for you, sir. I'm a regular butcher's boy, sir."

"And how long have you been at work there?"

"This is the tenth day."

"This is a come hard?"

"Nothing comes hard so long as it is honest and will furnish my family with bread."

"And how much can you make a day at this?"

"Sometimes over a dollar, and sometimes not over fifty cents."

"Well, look here, Stanwood, there have been no less than a dozen of my old hands hanging around my counting-room for a fortnight, waiting for work. They are stout, able men, and yet they lie still because I have no work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him the duty of doing my hand carting; I told him that I would give him a dollar and a quarter a day, but he turned up his nose and asked not to insult him; and yet he owned that his family were suffering. But do you come to my place to-morrow morning, and you shall have something to do, if it is only to hold your bench. I honor you for your manly independence."

Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyful, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.

"That night he gave Mr. Snow notice to quit, and on the following morning went to the bindery. For two days he had little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work. He was happy; more happy than ever, for he had learned two things—first, that a noble wife he had, and second, how much resources for good he held within his own energies."

Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is, no man can be lowered by honest labor. The second, while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future, for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will want the spanderings of the past.

Hints for Speakers.

Do not be appalled by the idea that to make an excellent discourse, you have to exhaust the subject. No subject is exhaustible; only take the most salient points. Beyond this you will seldom be understood.

Instead of multiplying heads or divisions of subjects, bring in your most striking illustrations as fast as you go along.

Let each performance be complete enough in itself to more than satisfy one part of the audience, and not satisfy the other, because in striking between the two classes of auditors you will bring the one up in sympathy with the higher, and the higher with the lower, and sympathy between the two secures the greatest triumph of both.

## A Brief History of Fairs.

Fairs have a peculiar and interesting origin. Over the great rivers and highways in ancient days, with much difficulty and danger, the merchant transported his goods from one point to another. He touched only at the great centres of population, and traveled on horseback with his merchandise in his pack saddles. A large body of consumers were outside of the regular paths of commerce, whom it was difficult to reach. Unable to go to them, he sought to make them come to him, and for this purpose displays of merchandise were made at certain fixed points and at certain seasons of the year. Living in rude, unsettled times, the merchant was obliged to use extraordinary precautions to guard his treasures and to secure himself against the numerous bands of pillagers that infested the country. For this reason merchants were obliged to limit the circle of their operations, to travel in armed bands, or what was better still in that age, to join some little company of pilgrims journeying to some famous shrine.

Chaucer shows us the merchant among that interesting group of pilgrims at the Tabard Inn, en route to Canterbury. He does not give a very flattering description of the merchant of those days. For the same reason, doubtless, the protection afforded by religion as well as on account of the numbers who assembled at these shrines for the exhibition and sale of relics and to perform religious rites and penance, they became also the points selected by the merchant for the disposal of his commodities. From this union of two objects in one, this mixture of religion and trade, comes the two-fold derivation of the word fair, from the Latin *ferre*, meaning church festivals, and the French *foire*, meaning a place to which merchandise is brought.

Fairs are of very early origin. We see them in their incipient stages as far back as the time of Constantine, when we read that Jews, Gentiles and Christians assembled in great numbers to perform their several rites about a tree reported to be the oak under which Abraham received the angels. At the same time, adds Tossington, there also came together many traders, both for the sale and the purchase of wares. St. Basil, toward the close of the sixth century, complained that his church was profaned by the public fairs held at the martyr's shrine, and under the Eutimie caliphs, in the eleventh century, there was an annual fair held even on Mount Calvary.

The most ancient fair known in France, appears to have been that of Troyes, in which mention is made in a letter of Sidonius Apollinaris, toward the end of the fifth century. More than two centuries after Dagobert I, founded the fair of St. Denis. This fair was not only the oldest, but it was one of the most celebrated fairs of France. It began on October 10 and lasted ten days. It was opened by a procession of monks from the Abbey of St. Denis, and in later times it was usual for the Parliament of Paris to allow itself a holiday during the time of the fair in order that its members might attend. The great fairs of France began with the celebrated *Foire de Champagne et de Brice* in the twelfth century. To these fairs flocked merchants from all the provinces of France and also from foreign lands. The duration of each of these fairs was six weeks, and there were six in the course of a year, so that they occupied nine months out of twelve. The great fairs in Germany were those at Frankfurt and Magdeburg. In England the great fair was that of St. Bartholomew, whose memory was set forth in a very interesting manner by Henry Morley. This fair lasted from 1138, when it was founded by Roger, a prior of the Abbey of St. Bartholomew and former jester of King Henry I, by a charter from the royal hand, to the year 1555, when it was proclaimed for the last time.

In old times fair-goers were a privileged class of persons and were granted certain immunities. The lords of the land through which merchants passed were obliged to require whatever loss traders suffered by spoliation in passing through their territory. The importance of these fairs was recognized thus early in their history. They had an important effect not only upon the wealth of the country, but upon the social relations of the people, and upon the language itself.

At what time amusements were first introduced to add to the attraction of fairs is not definitely known, but it was quite early in their history. They began, probably, with miracle plays, given in connection with the religious festivals, and as the religious element faded slowly away, we may suppose that these amusements became of a grosser character, until at last they formed the principal features of the present fair.

In this country the yearly agricultural show is perhaps the nearest approach to the time-honored institution. What we commonly call a "fair" is, however, but the ghost of that old, rollicking figure of the past.

Don't.

Don't harg a dismal picture on your wall, and don't daub with sable and gloom in your conversation. Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Don't waste yourself in dejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good.

A large shed in Somerville, Mass., has been stocked with wood, saws and sawbucks, and tramps are at liberty to earn their meals there or go hungry.

## Beans Will Out.

"Now, children, for another story," said he, "and this time about the days of my boyhood. When I was a boy, about fifteen years old, there was a general training day in my native place. This was the occasion of the gathering of all the militia, or companies of soldiers, or trainers, as we used to call them, from nearly all the towns in the country. And it was a grand gala-day you may be sure—especially for all the boys and girls who lived in the country, and who for three hundred and sixty-four days in the year seldom saw anything but the same old horses and wagons, oxen and cows, scenes and people, with whom they were brought up. On training day the whole town was astir and full of people from all the country round about. There was first of all, 'the trainers,' with their tall hats and high waving plumes, and blue coats, and yellow vests, and large gilt buttons, and muskets, and swords, and high top boots, with the more grandly dressed officers, many of whom rode on fiery chargers, and flourished around all over 'the Green,' seeming to me never to be long enough in any one spot to have the soldiers know what they wanted. And the whole air was full of music—and the boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry: and the shrill cries of auctioneers on the tops of peddler's wagons; and the sellers of oysters—here's you're nice, fine, hot austers!—and venders of peanuts and candies—and everything, as I then thought—and the buzz of hundreds of voices, and the laughter of men and women, boys and girls, all in one grand medley of uproarious confusion worse confounded."

"On the morning of such a wonderful day I awoke two hours earlier than usual, without being called, as commonly, two or three times before I made my appearance, to milk our old black-faced cow. Even while I was milking, some early wagons, and stages, and carts, loaded down with country people, began to come into town. Then I began to wait for breakfast, and kept as still as my feverish excitement would allow, while father had family prayers, which seemed to me at least ten times as long as ever before, and after this was over I was ready for a bound out on to the public 'green,' which was just in front of our house and I should have leaped the fence at a single jump, without waiting to open the gate, if I had not been stopped by the voice of my father, who called me and gave me orders to go to work. He wanted me to go up into the cornfield, take with me my hoe and a bag of beans—six in a hill—between every corn-hill in a half-acre lot. Oh! how my heart sank within me, and, if I must now tell the whole truth, how mad I was!"

I was terribly disappointed. I felt bad enough to cry. My father knew best what must be done, and he was a kind father, and he had already the day before—given me a silver quarter of a dollar to spend just as I pleased. But my head and ears, and eyes, and soul, and body, were all full of "training-day," and I could not bear the thought of planting beans at such a time. And yet I must do it. Just as I got into the lot, the drums began to roll and the life to send its piercing martial strains, a half-mile off, into my ears, and I fairly beat the air with my hoe in determination to run away and go down where all the boys were and hide myself in the crowd. But then what should I tell father at night about those beans? I wished that there was not a bean in the world. Just then a thought came into my mind; I don't know how it got there, but it was there, and took possession of my will; and under its power I took my bag of beans, went down to the edge of the swamp, found a large flat stone, which I lifted up, dug a great hole where the stone had lain, and dumped all my beans into that hole, put the stone back as it had been and started off as fast as my feet would carry me over the fences, through the corn-fields, across the plowed ground and the grass plains, bound at all hazards to have my 'training-day.'

And I did have it, though I was not as happy as I thought I should be. I knew that there must be a sequel to my planting beans, though what that sequel should be I could not imagine. One thing I had determined upon—and that was not to tell a lie, whatever occurred. Just then I met my father, and he asked me if I planted the beans. I told him, 'Yes, sir,' and that I had planted them all. That was a lie, because I intended to deceive him. But I then thought it was not a real lie, because I had planted them, as you know under that large flat stone.

"Well, training-day passed by, very much like all other training-days of my childhood (they don't have any such days now,) and the summer wore away, and my father and I hoed the corn, where the beans should have been. Father asked me again if I planted the beans and I told him that I did."

Then he said that the beans must have been too old, and that he would be sure of better seed next year. I supposed that this would end the whole subject forever, and that I should never be found out. But God had me in His loving care, and would not allow me to succeed in my disobedience and falsehood. Some time after, when we were hoeing that corn for the third time, my father, while walking near the boundary of lot, discovered a large circle of beans, springing up and growing around the edge of that large flat stone. He said nothing about it at the time.

He wanted to deliberate in regard to the best method of handling the subject, and see what I would do, as he



SATURDAY, JAN. 19th, 1878.

The great United States Government has laid its heavy hand upon an old woman of Antwerp, Kentucky, for selling a small quantity of "Red Tobacco" to buy a "condemned" for her coffee. What wonderfully heroic men we have in the revenue service! We know of no achievement that equals it, except the that of arresting and dragging to Huntsville a deaf, dumb and blind cripple of Cherokee for disposing of a "twist" of the same article, without having first taken out a license as a "dealer."

The remarkable worldly philosophy and acute reasoning powers of that traditional North Carolina dog should serve as an atonement for the failings of his whole sheep-killing race; and for his sake we should not press the dog question too closely in the coming legislative canvass. We are sure that our friends, the candidates, will join us heartily in this sentiment.

If one can judge by the tone of the State press, we are to have the whipping post. Some advocate it as an economic measure, while others, notably Bro. CARTER, advocate it as a reformatory measure, healthful for the souls of sinners of kleptomaniac tendencies. It is noteworthy as touching the utilitarianism of the age, that the advocates of the measure on the first mentioned ground are largely in the majority.

The bankers, bondholders, money lenders and the whole horde of capitalists interested in a security of money are moving heaven and earth to defeat the silver bill; but we hope that Congress will stand firmly by the interests of the people and put it through nevertheless. So far as the Representatives and Senators from Alabama are concerned, we have no fears.

The Ohio Legislature has elected Mr. Pendleton (Democrat) to succeed Mr. Stanley Matthews (Republican) in the United States Senate.

Even should the next Legislature not reduce the rate of taxation, (which bears the hope) it may the steadily increasing stream of immigrants will in time solve the question. The improved value of our present waste and almost valueless lands, notably the hundreds of thousands of acres of Railroad lands, will so largely increase the State's revenue, that nothing will be left to our lawmakers but a reduction; for the people will not tolerate an excess in the treasury. Happily under the new constitution the State's indebtedness cannot be materially increased, and the tax collected under the present valuation is sufficient to meet all its liabilities.

The degree to which an editor and publisher becomes attached to his subscribers or in time is scarcely to be comprehended by one outside the printing business.

The weekly communication of his ideas to them through the columns of his newspaper, his familiarity with their names on his subscription book, the occasional social intercourse with those nearest his office and kindly interchange of views by letter with others more distant, gives to their names the appearance of old friends, as his eye runs along the list each morning. On such a day he feels as if dispatching a friendly, chatty letter to each, to be read, and that perhaps shall leave the impress of his thought upon the mind and heart of his reader. As time goes on the name of the subscriber identifies itself with his aims and aspirations in business, and the cloud that binds him to each and all is strengthened. To drop one name from the list brings with it a tinge of sadness akin to bidding an old friend good-bye. But the inexorable law of business must be obeyed even at the sacrifice of feeling, and such a course sometimes becomes necessary. It is so with us this week. We drop many names. We do it regretfully. We have deferred the unpleasant task from week to week, hoping that delinquents would heed our repeated calls for the money due us and necessary to the satisfactory conduct of our business. But while many have responded nobly, some of our subscribers have been deaf to our appeals. They have said to us by their acts, "we care not how much money you make, but we shall not trouble ourselves about the small amounts we owe you," and when they reluctantly strike them off, we trust they will not become offended. Rather let them chide themselves for past neglect, call on us speedily and renew their pleasant relations with us. Some of those we strike off are doubtless what may be termed "bad pay," but the great mass of them we believe are merely careless and not dishonest, to whom the stoppage of the paper will be a forcible reminder of past negligence, and a suggestion of future prompt dealing with the hard worked, poorly paid printer.

The REPUBLICAN is now in its forty-second year. It has weathered many storms and hopes to weather many more and live as long again. To do this it must be conducted on strict business principles; and that means it must be printed for only those who pay.

We shall continue to strike off yet other names until we have our books absolutely clean; and then we will have a large list left for we can boast of perhaps a better paying list of subscribers than any other weekly journal in the State. Where we strike off names, we shall resort to no harsh legal measures. We are sure that we shall not be asked to pay for the work we do for him, and go on and on and on, and when we shall be "impatient" in a "bad" mood.

Calhoun county is rapidly taking the lead in the importation of improved breeds of cattle. We have already spoken of two fine Jersey cows, with regular registry in the Herd Book, by Capt. James O'Leary. They are described as lovely creatures. One of the two is already with calf by a celebrated imported animal that also is registered in the Herd Book. The breed will be carefully kept pure, and will finally be the means of stocking a fine cattle farm that Capt. O'Leary has recently purchased in this county. In addition to this we learn from one of our Talladega exchanges that Maj. T. W. Francis of this county and Dr. Johnson of Talladega have recently ordered a car load of pure Ayreshires. We presume Maj. Francis will bring his cattle to his fine farm in this county. The Ayreshires is distinguished for its deep milking qualities, while the Jersey is distinguished for the richness rather than the quantity of its milk. In addition to these Gen. Burke of this place and Col. Tyler, of the Woodstock Iron Works, and perhaps other parties of whom we now have no knowledge, have pure bred Jerseys. Several parties have fine cows of mixed Jersey or Ayreshire and common stock. Of the latter class Capt. Oliver Stewart has recently brought here a beautiful half Jersey bull which he cautions to run at large. The effect of these importations will be the gradual but certain improvement of all the common stock of the county; and it will not be many years before Calhoun will be distinguished for the number and quality of its milk producing and butter making cattle. This county is well adapted to stock raising and should be to Alabama what Tennessee and some of the Western States now are. We hope our farmers at large will second the efforts in this direction of the public spirited gentlemen alluded to, by giving their attention more largely in the future to stock raising. If opportunities would unite in the purchase of fine-blood males of both hogs and cattle and to the utter suppression of the "pouch orchard" and "piney woods" sort, this result would be materially hastened. So far, we believe, our Alexandria neighbors have taken the lead in this direction, while Messrs. A. M. Stewart and John Pike of Beat 9, D. P. Gunnels and perhaps other gentlemen of Oxford, and W. M. Andrews of Rabbit Town have contributed materially to the same result. These are all that have taken an interest in improved cattle-breeding, whom we can now recall to mind, though doubtless there are others. There are many who have turned their attention to improved breeds of hogs, chickens, and among whom we may notice Mr. Jake Green, of Alexandria. Our correspondents in the various parts of the county should mention the names of gentlemen in their localities who have given their attention to this important matter. All such deserve public notice.

A correspondent of the Cherokee Advertiser suggests that J. A. A. REEVES, of Cherokee county, for Secretary of Sta. C.

The Mobile Register thinks the State convention will likely be called about the middle of May and wants Mobile to send up a united delegation.

Every mail brings long lists of failures of commercial men, bankers and insurance associations in the Northern cities. Evidently the South is in a better financial condition, with all her apparent poverty, than the North is.

All the indications point to a speedy peace between Turkey and Russia, or the most gigantic European war of a century. The Turks have utterly collapsed and can make no stand against the victorious Russian hordes at any point. The complications that may result in a general war between the great Powers of Europe will arise upon a division of the spoil.

Gov. HUBBARD of Texas has written a long letter to the President on the subject of our border troubles in which he paints the Mexicans in the blackest colors. He claims that Mexican citizens almost without distinction secretly sympathize with the border robbers and profit by their depredations. He sets forth a long list of outrages committed by Mexicans against Texans, any one of which, if not disclaimed by Mexico, should lead to war.

Forty-two years ago LEROY MITCHELL, a rich farmer of Richmond, Madison County, Ky., educated his only son, who he had a daughter, but after the child was born he died the mother's story and turned both from his door. The girl grew up and married a poor farmer named James Nunn, by whom she had three children. Four years ago they moved to Kansas, when they grew poorer than ever. But about a year ago a cancer developed itself in LEROY MITCHELL's face; the best medical attention failed to stop its ravages, and death was but a matter of time. His child, now a woman, was then a girl, and he vowed to find her and place in her hands his estate, which was rightfully hers. Advertisements were sent throughout Kansas and Colorado, and fell into the hands of J. W. W. Christian, of Dresden, Mo., who sought an interview with one James Nunn, who lived near that place. They proved to be the long lost family. Last Saturday Mr. J. B. Park, of Richmond, at the urgent solicitation of LEROY MITCHELL, reached Dresden and brought the Nunn family to South, where he furnished them an entire new outfit. Nunn's entire household effects would not have realized \$10. Monday morning the entire party started for Kentucky.

It should be an object with all to raise the field of their harvest to the highest possible maximum. No man should rest content with raising the poorest crops or the weakest animals in the town. The times in which we live demand that our farms should produce more and at less cost. Agriculture is the greatest of our American interest. It should be the pride and aim of each individual farmer to contribute his best efforts towards making the nation prosperous, thereby insuring comfort and happiness to each and all of its citizens.

IMMIGRATION.

Highly Encouraging Prospects for Alabama.

CHICAGO, January 12, 1878.

Knowing that the State of Alabama is interested in the question of immigration, especially when she is directly affected by the same, I will state what is being done here. Chicago Colonization and Agricultural Industry Company. This company was organized about two months ago with a capital of \$50,000. They bought 100,000 acres of land from the South & North Alabama railroad company in Calhoun county, Alabama. They composed of a number of men, all in the European stock, and the S. & N. A. R. Co. have given them eighty acres of land on which there will be erected immediately a first-class hotel with bath houses attached, and a dairy, in connection with which will be a "whey cure." They are also going to plant an extensive vineyard for the purpose of effecting a "grape cure." The company propose to handle what ever produce the farmers in the vicinity may have to dispose of. They also intend to cultivate part of the land purchased, and the remainder will be disposed of to actual settlers at a low figure, and everything will be done to facilitate and encourage immigration. The office of the company are located at Chicago and Calhoun. The company published a paper in this city, in both German and English, in the interest of immigration.

There has also been organized what is known as the Chicago Advertiser, which is composed principally of mechanics and working men of this city and vicinity. They have bought of the S. & N. A. R. Co. about 60,000 acres of land in Blount county, near the Mulberry river. On this land they have a settlement which is to be known as Garden City. There are already quite a number on the ground and many more are preparing to start from this city sometime this month.

There is a large number of Scandinavians forming a colony which intend to settle south of the Mulberry river, on the line of the S. & N. A. R. Co. railroad. During the past two months over six hundred immigrants have left this city, and have landed principally on and purchased of the S. & N. A. R. Co. There was little known in the West in regard to the agricultural, mineral wealth and attractive climate of Alabama until Mr. Louis B. Sullivan, opened the land office of the S. & N. A. R. Co. in this city.

The railroad has been very liberal in this movement, and Mr. Sullivan as their representative in the north-west, has endeavored to open the eyes of immigration toward the South. It was through his instrumentality that the above mentioned organizations were affected. There are on exhibition in his office, Uncle's Book, a fine display of samples of the products and minerals of Alabama.

STILL MORE SUFFERING.—Last week we mentioned a difficulty which occurred between two of the young Finestones and was caused by the name of Thompson, in which the name of Thompson and two daughters were badly hurt. The difficulty occurred at near Thompson's house, on Cotton creek. Thompson has two sons who lived at Amherstville, and upon hearing of the treatment their father and family received, they proceeded for revenge, and on Thursday, 21st instant, about 10 o'clock, the young Thompsons came upon the farm of James Freeman and his father, James Freeman, and killed his two sons, one of which was just above one hip of James Freeman, and passed on just above the other, and another boy severely mangled one of his hands, from which one finger has already been amputated. The Freeman family shot through the ball entering the abdomen, from the effects of which he died on Friday night, 24th instant. James Freeman is in a very critical and dangerous condition, but little hope is entertained for his recovery. James Freeman married about four weeks before this occurred. James Freeman is a family. As we stated in our last issue the first troubles grew out of the entrance, or homecoming, of a small tract of land. It is impossible not to get any accurate information as to the cause of the aggression, and it may never be known. We are in sympathy with all parties concerned and regret that such misfortune was their fate. We also regret to have to chronicle such a tragedy in our country. Physicians have been gone there for there is no telling when, where or how it will end.

## How the West Talks.

The Indianapolis Sentinel is one of the sterling papers of the West. Its trumpet tones give forth no uncertain sound. On all the great questions of the hour it stands squarely with the interests of the people. In a recent issue it comments with unusual energy upon the wonderful movement among the masses for the restoration of silver back to its proper place among the honest dollars-of-the-fathers. It tells us what it has good reasons to know, that the people of the West are aroused.

It says: They are in earnest. Entrailed, crushed and bankrupt, they are looking around for leaders. They know that they are suffering; that business is paralyzed; that industries are paralyzed; that gloom and despondency have settled down upon Indiana and upon every other State. They are looking for relief. They demand strong and earnest words; bold, defiant, aggressive leadership. They have an unmitigated contempt for timidity now. They are in the grasp of a business cyclone. Their lands have been wrecked, others are striking daily upon rocks and shoals. The demand is for a competent navigator, and they will find him. The banks are consolidating against the people. The East has planted itself squarely against the West. The producing, working, toiling millions throughout the West and South are at last confronted by the Eastern money power. It is a death struggle. The West demands simply that their property shall not be totally sunk out of sight; that Shylocks shall not have it all. The West has the wheat, the corn, and the bread of the country. It can demand its rights. It asks for the repeal of an impracticable resumption law that contraction and shrinkage may cease.

Truth Stranger Than Fiction.

The Cherokee Advertiser tells the following strange story. Although it does not satisfactorily account for the husband's long absence:

"Among those who enlisted in the ranks of the Confederates and went forth to battle for the 'Lost Cause,' at the commencement of hostilities between the two sections was a young Mr. Morrow living in the upper part of this county. A short while before his regiment received marching orders, he was united in marriage to a Miss Cox, daughter of a highly respectable widow, in the same vicinity. For some time after the husband left, his young wife received letters from him regularly; but after one of those fierce and bloody battles around Richmond, he was reported 'missing,' all communications ceased, and the wife mourned him dead.

Weeks, months, years passed away, and still no tidings came of the missing husband.

In vain the papers were scanned and every returning soldier besieged to know of the missing man. Nothing could be learned—nothing only 'missing,' and those content to wait knew full well its significant meaning—lead on the field of battle, unrecognized among the heaps of slain.

On last Saturday, as the shades of evening cast their sombre shadows over earth and that peculiar hush and stillness of a Southern twilight had settled upon hill and valley, a traveller, worn and weary, bent his lagging steps toward the home of the soldier's wife. With faltering footsteps he came toward a figure sitting upon the rustic doorstep. For one moment he paused before the reclining figure when her head was raised, a look of recognition flashed from eye to eye, a joyful cry broke the stillness, and husband and wife were clasped in each other's arms after a separation of fourteen years."

He who had been mourned as dead, was confined in a Northern prison, and though oftentimes he had written nothing reached the sorrowing wife.

A difficulty occurred near Pine Level, in this county last Saturday between Mr. John Hill and Pat Hagins, resulting in the death of the latter. A suit between the parties before a magistrate had terminated that day favorably to Mr. Hill. Mr. Hagins and his three brothers became exasperated and a disturbance between them and Hill commenced, but was quelled by friends, when Mr. Hill left for home and was followed by two of the Hagins, and overtaken three miles from Pine Level and the difficulty renewed. One of the Hagins fired five shots from his pistol at Mr. Hill without effect, when Mr. Pat-Hagins ran up and while in the act of drawing his pistol was rushed on by Mr. Hill and stabbed to the heart and died instantly. The Hagins are sons of Mr. J. H. Hagins, who in company with other white men and six negroes were hung by a mob, at Pine Level just before the war. Mr. Hill is regarded in the community in which he lives as a quiet, unobtrusive Christian man. The unfortunate affair is much regretted by the citizens of Pine Level.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came NARMEZA KYLE, (formerly NARMEZA CROOK), Guardian of the Estate of C. B. S. S. and filed their account and vouchers for a partial settlement of said Estate.

It is ordered that the 5th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came NARMEZA KYLE, (formerly NARMEZA CROOK), Guardian of the Estate of C. B. S. S. and filed their account and vouchers for a partial settlement of said Estate.

It is ordered that the 5th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

## How a Mexican Paper Talks.

The border troubles are disposed of by the *Combate*, a leading Mexican paper, by the following fantastic paragraph:

We admit willingly that the Yankees are an inferior race to the descendants of Cortez, Montezuma and Hidalgo, and are below our resentment. They are even below our contempt. Hence Mexico can gain no honor by conquering them, and the national honor of Mexico cannot be invoked in the question at all. It is not a fight between two nations. It is like a gentleman whipping a cur that has barked at him. We must teach these Gringos dog good manners, that's all. We thought the height of Yankee insolence had been reached when they demanded the extradition of the heroes of the storming of the Rio Grande City jail. General Canales merely raised his whip and the big dogs at Washington howled for mercy. They appealed to the generosity of the great Mexican people, and that is an appeal that is never made in vain. We could afford to be magnanimous to a mongrel race of Yankees, niggers, Dutch, and like canaille, that for twenty-five years have covered before Mexico. We overlooked their indiscretion. We expected they would not again dare to lift their hand toward Mexico, but it seems we were mistaken.

What a slight thing it takes, sometimes, to turn the tide, either for or against a man. It turns out that the thing that settled at last the recent Senatorial contest in Ohio in favor of Mr. PENDELTON was an anonymous circular, singularly abusive of this honorable gentleman. It was evidently sent from Cincinnati, with a view of preventing his election. Even these who had other preferences could not stand such a villainous effort to degrade and injure a high-toned, honorable and patriotic statesman.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, but the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Beecher's German Syrup kept about your house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses.

For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pleurisy, Severe Coughs, Croup or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as every dropper will tell you. German Syrup is now and in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial free, regular size for sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville.

Christmas Holiday GOODS.

H. A. SMITH, Book Seller and Music Dealer.

ROSE, IN STOCK, and receiving a splendid assortment of CHRISTMAS GOODS—such as Writing Desks, Silver Sets, China and Glass Vases, Motto Cards and Souvenirs, Brackets, Autographs, Photographs, Albums, Gift Books, Poetical Works, Bibles, Java Books, Japanese Work, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes (containing new and very pretty) Tin, Rubber and China Toys, Dolls, Christmas Tree Ornaments, Oil Lamps, Candles, Plated Silver Ware, &c. Orders Solicited.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, January 10th, 1878.

THIS day came G. B. D. White, Administrator and Ellen Simon, Administratrix of the Estate of C. B. S. S. and filed their account and vouchers for a partial settlement of said Estate.

It is ordered that the 5th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

## How a Mexican Paper Talks.

The border troubles are disposed of by the *Combate*, a leading Mexican paper, by the following fantastic paragraph:

We admit willingly that the Yankees are an inferior race to the descendants of Cortez, Montezuma and Hidalgo, and are below our resentment. They are even below our contempt. Hence Mexico can gain no honor by conquering them, and the national honor of Mexico cannot be invoked in the question at all. It is not a fight between two nations. It is like a gentleman whipping a cur that has barked at him. We must teach these Gringos dog good manners, that's all. We thought the height of Yankee insolence had been reached when they demanded the extradition of the heroes of the storming of the Rio Grande City jail. General Canales merely raised his whip and the big dogs at Washington howled for mercy. They appealed to the generosity of the great Mexican people, and that is an appeal that is never made in vain. We could afford to be magnanimous to a mongrel race of Yankees, niggers, Dutch, and like canaille, that for twenty-five years have covered before Mexico. We overlooked their indiscretion. We expected they would not again dare to lift their hand toward Mexico, but it seems we were mistaken.

What a slight thing it takes, sometimes, to turn the tide, either for or against a man. It turns out that the thing that settled at last the recent Senatorial contest in Ohio in favor of Mr. PENDELTON was an anonymous circular, singularly abusive of this honorable gentleman. It was evidently sent from Cincinnati, with a view of preventing his election. Even these who had other preferences could not stand such a villainous effort to degrade and injure a high-toned, honorable and patriotic statesman.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, but the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Beecher's German Syrup kept about your house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses.

For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pleurisy, Severe Coughs, Croup or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as every dropper will tell you. German Syrup is now and in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial free, regular size for sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville.

Christmas Holiday GOODS.

H. A. SMITH, Book Seller and Music Dealer.

ROSE, IN STOCK, and receiving a splendid assortment of CHRISTMAS GOODS—such as Writing Desks, Silver Sets, China and Glass Vases, Motto Cards and Souvenirs, Brackets, Autographs, Photographs, Albums, Gift Books, Poetical Works, Bibles, Java Books, Japanese Work, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes (containing new and very pretty) Tin, Rubber and China Toys, Dolls, Christmas Tree Ornaments, Oil Lamps, Candles, Plated Silver Ware, &c. Orders Solicited.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, January 10th, 1878.

THIS day came G. B. D. White, Administrator and Ellen Simon, Administratrix of the Estate of C. B. S. S. and filed their account and vouchers for a partial settlement of said Estate.

It is ordered that the 5th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

## How a Mexican Paper Talks.

The border troubles are disposed of by the *Combate*, a leading Mexican paper, by the following fantastic paragraph:

We admit willingly that the Yankees are an inferior race to the descendants of Cortez, Montezuma and Hidalgo, and are below our resentment. They are even below our contempt. Hence Mexico can gain no honor by conquering them, and the national honor of Mexico cannot be invoked in the question at all. It is not a fight between two nations. It is like a gentleman whipping a cur that has barked at him. We must teach these Gringos dog good manners, that's all. We thought the height of Yankee insolence had been reached when they demanded the extradition of the heroes of the storming of the Rio Grande City jail. General Canales merely raised his whip and the big dogs at Washington howled for mercy. They appealed to the generosity of the great Mexican people, and that is an appeal that is never made in vain. We could afford to be magnanimous to a mongrel race of Yankees, niggers, Dutch, and like canaille, that for twenty-five years have covered before Mexico. We overlooked their indiscretion. We expected they would not again dare to lift their hand toward Mexico, but it seems we were mistaken.

What a slight thing it takes, sometimes, to turn the tide, either for or against a man. It turns out that the thing that settled at last the recent Senatorial contest in Ohio in favor of Mr. PENDELTON was an anonymous circular, singularly abusive of this honorable gentleman. It was evidently sent from Cincinnati, with a view of preventing his election. Even these who had other preferences could not stand such a villainous effort to degrade and injure a high-toned, honorable and patriotic statesman.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, but the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Beecher's German Syrup kept about your house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses.

For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pleurisy, Severe Coughs, Croup or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as every dropper will tell you. German Syrup is now and in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial free, regular size for sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville.

Christmas Holiday GOODS.

H. A. SMITH, Book Seller and Music Dealer.

ROSE, IN STOCK, and receiving a splendid assortment of CHRISTMAS GOODS—such as Writing Desks, Silver Sets, China and Glass Vases, Motto Cards and Souvenirs, Brackets, Autographs, Photographs, Albums, Gift Books, Poetical Works, Bibles, Java Books, Japanese Work, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes (containing new and very pretty) Tin, Rubber and China Toys, Dolls, Christmas Tree Ornaments, Oil Lamps, Candles, Plated Silver Ware, &c. Orders Solicited.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, January 10th, 1878.

THIS day came G. B. D. White, Administrator and Ellen Simon, Administratrix of the Estate of C. B. S. S. and filed their account and vouchers for a partial settlement of said Estate.

It is ordered that the 5th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

## How a Mexican Paper Talks.

The border troubles are disposed of by the *Combate*, a leading Mexican paper, by the following fantastic paragraph:

We admit willingly that the Yankees are an inferior race to the descendants of Cortez, Montezuma and Hidalgo, and are below our resentment. They are even below our contempt. Hence Mexico can gain no honor by conquering them, and the national honor of Mexico cannot be invoked in the question at all. It is not a fight between two nations. It is like a gentleman whipping a cur that has barked at him. We must teach these Gringos dog good manners, that's all. We thought the height of Yankee insolence had been reached when they demanded the extradition of the heroes of the storming of the Rio Grande City jail. General Canales merely raised his whip and the big dogs at Washington howled for mercy. They appealed to the generosity of the great Mexican people, and that is an appeal that is never made in vain. We could afford to be magnanimous to a mongrel race of Yankees, niggers, Dutch, and like canaille, that for twenty-five years have covered before Mexico. We overlooked their indiscretion. We expected they would not again dare to lift their hand toward Mexico, but it seems we were mistaken.

What a slight thing it takes, sometimes, to turn the tide, either for or against a man. It turns out that the thing that settled at last the recent Senatorial contest in Ohio in favor of Mr. PENDELTON was an anonymous circular, singularly abusive of this honorable gentleman. It was evidently sent from Cincinnati, with a view of preventing his election. Even these who had other preferences could not stand such a villainous effort to degrade and injure a high-toned, honorable and patriotic statesman.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, but the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Beecher's German Syrup kept about your house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses.

For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pleurisy, Severe Coughs, Croup or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as every dropper will tell you. German Syrup is now and in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial free, regular size for sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville.

Christmas Holiday GOODS.

H. A. SMITH, Book Seller and Music Dealer.

ROSE, IN STOCK, and receiving a splendid assortment of CHRISTMAS GOODS—such as Writing Desks, Silver Sets, China and Glass Vases, Motto Cards and Souvenirs, Brackets, Autographs, Photographs, Albums, Gift Books, Poetical Works, Bibles, Java Books, Japanese Work, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes (containing new and very pretty) Tin, Rubber and China Toys, Dolls, Christmas Tree Ornaments, Oil Lamps, Candles, Plated Silver Ware, &c. Orders Solicited.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, January 10th, 1878.

THIS day came G. B. D. White, Administrator and Ellen Simon, Administratrix of the Estate of C. B. S. S. and filed their account and vouchers for a partial settlement of said Estate.

It is ordered that the 5th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Jan. 10th, 1878.

THIS day came M. L. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Pelham Satcher, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 11th day of February, 1878, be appointed a day on which all persons interested in said estate and said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

**CALHOUN COUNTY GRANGE COLLEGE.**  
MALE AND FEMALE.  
Jacksonville, Alabama.

Spring session of 1878, commencing Monday in January, and ending on the 7th day of June, continuing five and one half months.

TEACHERS:  
W. J. B







AGRICULTURAL.

**"PROFITS OF AN ORCHARD."**—Here is a statement in a Western paper which may do for that particular locality, but will not be found to be of universal application. "Nothing is more common than to hear the complaint that there is no money in growing fruit; when the truth is, as I have had it demonstrated time and again, that there is more money taken from the orchard than from any crop on the farm, acre for acre. And, of all the fruits grown, the most staple and reliable is the apple. It is in universal demand and wanted in every month of the year. I asked the other day, an old farmer of these parts, who has a farm of over two hundred acres in cultivation, twenty acres of which are in orchard. 'What crop on your farm pays you best?' He replied, without hesitation: 'My apple orchard of twenty acres pays me better than all the other acres of the farm. It was a remarkable statement and yet I was not surprised at it. I know it to be literally true. This man has choice apples, and for nearly four weeks has been sending to the Chicago market from \$50 to \$100 worth of apples daily; and the prospect is that he will keep this up for some time to come. There is money in this orchard. In fact, it is the most profitable orchard I ever knew. And there are three reasons why it is so profitable. First, the proper varieties for profit were planted; second, the soil and location are just what they should be to produce the best results; and third, the man who cares for the orchard does his duty to the orchard.'

**A GREAT FARMER'S MAXIMS.**—The successful life of Mr. Jacob Strawn, the prince of American farmers, is attributed to the close observation of the following maxims, originated by himself: Make your fences high and strong so they will keep cattle and pigs out. If you have brush, make your lots secure, and keep the hogs from the corn. Be sure to get your hands to bed by seven o'clock—they will rise early for seven of circumlocution. Always feed your hands as well as you feed yourself, for the laboring men are the bone and sinew of the land, and ought to be well treated. I am satisfied that getting up early, industry and regular habits are the best medicine prescribed for health. When bad, rainy weather comes so you can't work out of doors, cut split and haul your wood, make your racks, fix your fences or gate, and patch the roof of your barn or house. Study your own interest closely, and do not spend your time in electing Presidents, Governors, or other smaller officers, or talk of hard times, and spend your time in whitening store boxes. Take your time and make calculations, do things in a hurry but do them at the proper time, and keep your mind as well as your body employed.

**SURFACE MANURE.**—In old times it was the universal custom to plough under manure, and to do it as soon as possible in order to avoid, as was supposed, the waste by evaporation; but it has been found in recent times that it is far better to apply manure to the surface. The reason of this is that the escaping odor from the manure is simply ammonia, and this in the main is nitrogen. The earth itself has, however, the power of absorbing nitrogen from the atmosphere, and thus can get at any time all of this it needs. The chief use of manure is in this, to get it into the soil, and there it is carried through the earth's surface chiefly by the aid of water; so that if on the surface of the earth the rains can carry these salts with it, but there is nothing to bring them up if buried down. Besides, the action of the atmosphere on the manure renders it the better for plant food. For these reasons, as well as the fact of experience, we say the nearer the surface manure is kept the better.

**OUR GRANDMOTHERS had notions, and we laugh at them, but we shall have to go back to their ideas. We want more white-wash—not for public men or governmental administration, but for our dwellings and fruit trees. Fashion has covered our walls with paper and paint, both unwholesome, and more or less poisonous; while the whitewash brush being disowned, the cellars are not sweetened, and cobwebs, mould, and faint accumulations of summer long, and lice and mites make their homes on the fruit trees unobserved. Some wiseacre has said that white-washing the trees will stop up the pores and injure them. Nonsense! White-wash will kill lice, drive away the mites, and do the trees good, while in the cellar and on the kitchen walls it is health.**

**CORN FODDER FOR MILK COWS.**—Those who have provided some fodder crop will keep up the supply of milk; those who have not, will not regret their neglect. There are some farmers who make more than others; some make but little, but the best might offer a little better, and at this season the truth comes home.

**Occupation of Anglo-Saxon Women.** The ladies of the Anglo-Saxon household were not idle in their bowers. The distaff was generally the distinguishing implement of the lady of the family. King Alfred, in his will, made some after the year 880, said that his grandfather had bequeathed his lands to the spear-side, and not to the spindle-side. Spinning, weaving, sewing, carding wool, beating flax, and washing garments were considered occupations equally fitting for queens and princesses, as for women of ordinary rank. The daughters of King Edward, Alfred's successor, employed themselves in the labors of the distaff and the needle. Before the Norman period, English ladies were celebrated, even on the Continent, for their skill in spinning, weaving and embroidering; and one of the French Norman writers tells us how the French admired the beautiful dresses of the English nobility, and adds that English women excel all others in needle-work, and in the art of embroidering with gold. English girls are spoken of, in the life of Saint Augustine, as employed in skillfully ornamenting the ensigns of the priesthood and royalty. A gold and pearl and precious stones. Queen Emma, wife of King Canute, worked, with her own hands, a stuff bordered in its whole extent with gold and precious stones arranged in pictures.

**SICK BEARDS, Langner and Melancholy.**—Heavily spring from a Torpid Liver, a Disordered Stomach or Obstruction, the distressing effects of which Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills will remove by their beneficial action on the system.

POETIC.

**LOCATION OF HOUSES.**—The Science of Health has some sensible suggestions on this topic, which are appropriate here: Houses should be built on upland ground with exposure to sunlight on every side. During epidemics it has been noted by physicians that deaths occur more frequently on the shady side of the street than on the sunny side; and in the hospitals physicians have testified to the readiness with which diseases have yielded to treatment in sunny rooms, while in shaded rooms they have proved intractable. Let there be no bogs, no marshes, no stagnant water in the neighborhood. Then let the cellars be thoroughly drained. Inattention to this subject has caused the death of many a person. No father or mother should rest one moment in peace while their innocent children are peeping in rooms over damp and mouldy cellars. Cellars should not only be drained, but thoroughly ventilated; otherwise the house must be unwholesome.

Let the drains also be constructed for the conduction of slops and sewage of all kinds to a common sewerage. In the case of the dwelling, to be used for fertilizing purposes.

**GERANIUMS DRIVE OFF SNAKES.**—Ever since a snake may be permanently driven away from an infested place by planting geraniums. In South Africa the Caffre people thus rid their premises of the pest. Geraniums, especially the narrow leafed geraniums, which effectively protected the rest of the garden from the snake. A few yards away from this geranium belt a snake would occasionally be found. It is well known that the whole geranium genus is repulsive to the snake, and the lemon-scented, musk-scented and peppermint-scented. What, therefore, is a very pleasant nosegay for a man, is repugnant to the serpent tribe.

**CURE FOR INCIPENT CONSUMPTION.**—Live temperately, avoid liquor, take a daily sponge bath, wear flannel next the skin, and take every morning one half pint of fresh milk from the cow, mixed with a wineglass of the expressed juice of green horseradish. A person who has tried this remedy says that four weeks' use of the horseradish and milk relieved the pains of his breast, and gave him the ability to breathe deep, long and free, strengthening his harmonized his voice, and restored him to a better state of health than he had enjoyed for years. The remedy, to be effective, must be continued for some time.

**SAVE THE CELERY LEAVES.**—The leaves and green tops of celery may be made use of in the following fashion. Most housekeepers throw them away. This is the better plan: Dry them thoroughly in the oven, then pulverize to a fine powder, and mix with a very hot seasoning for soup, the aroma and strength of the celery being remarkably preserved. After being pulverized, the powder should be kept in a jar or closed bottle to preserve the strength.

**ECONOMICAL DISH.**—Scrape all the adhering particles from a well-picked ham bone and chop them very fine—so fine that they are reduced almost to a pulp. Mix into this a small quantity of French prepared mustard very smoothly, and you have a nice ingredient to put on bread for luncheon. Any small pieces of cold meat, or turkey, chicken or game, is just as good for this purpose.

**SOUR STOMACH.**—A sufferer from want of appetite and sour stomach can be greatly benefited by leaving all mellancholic food and for a time eating entirely on milk and blue water; a spoonful of lime water to a tumbler of milk. If this disagrees in any way, increase the quantity of lime water.

**PON CROCK, take a knife or grater, and grate or shave in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum, mix with it about twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quick as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will be afforded.**

**RELIEF FOR DYSPEPSIA:** Burn alum until the moisture in it is evaporated; then take as much as you can take on a time, and administer it as before cutting. Three or four days probably will answer; but take it until cured.

**The True Gentleman.** "He is above a low act. He cannot stoop to commit a fraud. He invades no secret in keeping of another. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face and another to his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes them into instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window, or lie open before him in unregarded exposure, are secret to him. He profanes no privacy of another where the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bonds and accretions, noticed to trespassers, are not for him. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will not open honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to sycrifice. Billings does not stoop to his level. He may be trusted out



## GOD'S PLANS.

yet we trust that somehow good  
will be the final goal of ill.  
pangs of nature, aims of will,  
to of doubt, and taints of blood;  
nothing walks with aimless feet;  
at not one life shall be destroyed,  
cast as rubbish to the void,  
a God hath made the pile complete.  
not a worm is clove in vain,  
not a moth with vain desire  
"revolt" in a fruitless fire,  
subserve another's gain.  
we know not anything;  
but trust that good shall fall  
at—far off—at last, to all,  
very Winter change to Spring.

## Idele's Trial.

of three were walking in the  
Madame Fauschawer came first,  
a very little old lady, and  
have made you think of a fairy,  
ner gold-headed cane, her glitter-  
puffs of white hair, her black eyes,  
at as diamonds, her long hooked  
a, her sharp curving chin.  
the young lady with her had a face  
some rich-hued tropical flower;  
lips scarlet and sweet; the lovely  
eyes shining. She had a yellow  
in her black hair and another at  
belt.

A third person was a gentleman  
t twenty-eight, rather pale, but  
handsome and brightly looking.  
he three had just left the breakfast-  
table, and came out together for a stroll  
in madame's lovely rose garden.  
The young gentleman was madame's  
son; the young lady was her adopted  
daughter. The son by blood, and the  
daughter by adoption, were to be mar-  
ried in a few weeks.

Madame was not pleased that it should  
be so, but her son was his own master;  
and, after all, though she did not know  
who her parents were, Idele was a girl  
to be proud of. So she submitted with  
seeming good grace.

Madame was the first to discover  
something unusual and strange in the  
path ahead of them, and hastening on  
with the aid of her gold-headed staff  
reached it before the others, who were  
gazing into each other's eyes came up.

What madame had discovered was the  
body of a youth of perhaps fourteen,  
terribly deformed, but having a beauti-  
ful face and fair, curling hair. He was  
clothed in a gay velvet suit, trimmed  
with lace, and wore scarlet hose; and  
handsome shoes, with shining buckles.  
He lay upon his side, and a knife was  
sticking in his back, whose carved  
handle of silver proclaimed it to be no  
common weapon.

"Close by was a summer house over-  
grown with roses, honey-suckle and  
sweet brier.  
Madame bent down to look closer;  
then she uttered a scream and started  
back.

"Philip!" she cried. Philip, come  
here. It is Cock Robin; some one killed  
him. Look at the knife in his back."  
Philip and his two brothers ran upon them.  
A general rush and scramble followed,  
and some shots were fired. The villains  
all escaped but one. He was wounded,  
but he would scarcely have got away  
if he had not been; for Nora Reese had  
sprung upon him at first, and clung to  
him like a wild cat.

"It's the man that killed my Bobby,  
and I know it!" she screamed.  
The man fought her a little at first,  
but when she said that he stopped, and  
leaned against the wall, gasping and  
starting with staring eyes, while the  
blood dropped from his wound upon  
the floor.

"What do you mean?" he said. How  
do you know I killed him?"  
"I heard the others call you, Carlo,  
and Carlo was on the knife. I know it  
was you!"  
"Do you mean that truly?" he said.  
"Yes I did kill him. 'I'll own up, for  
I believe I'm dying myself now.'"  
Philip Fauschawer sprang forward and  
caught him as he was falling, and they  
laid him gently down upon the floor.

"It was the cruellest thing I ever did,"  
he went on, in a regretful tone.  
"It was," said Philip, sternly. "Why  
did you kill him?"  
The man stared at Philip.  
"Why, you're the fellow I'd like to  
have married," he said. "Do you love  
her yet?"  
"I shall love her till I die!" Philip  
answered, setting his lips. "What were  
you to her?"  
"I belonged to the gipsy band who  
stole her from her father's house a  
baby. I was present when the madame  
took a fancy to her up to her, and the  
band money to give her up to her. When  
I heard she was going to marry you, I  
thought I saw my way to make some  
money. I pretended to be her father,  
and got her to meet me in the summer-  
house that night, and talk to over. She  
didn't believe me, but she said she  
would think about what I had said.  
And then she picked some yellow roses,  
and told me if I passed next morning,  
and saw her wearing some of them, I  
might know she still refused to believe  
me."

"After she had gone I went out and  
found the boy there listening, and I  
killed him, partly in temper, partly be-  
cause I was afraid he would tell what  
he had heard. Poor Idele! The sight  
of that dead boy convinced her I had  
told the truth, or I would not have  
killed him to keep it from being known;  
and she fled from you to avoid betray-  
ing the man she supposed to be her  
father."

"Do you know where she is now?"  
"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

Madame advanced into the room and  
shut the door.

"I found them in the summer-house  
near which poor, murdered Cock Robin  
lies," she said, in a shrill whisper, and  
smiled to see the flower-like face blanch  
at the words. "No one saw them," she  
went on. "No one knows where I  
found them. Go away at once. Leave  
my house without seeing Philip again,  
and hide yourself from him from this  
day, and I will keep your secret. Stay,  
and I will publish it to the winds and  
help hunt you to your doom."

"And only yesterday," said Idele,  
with quivering lips, "this morning  
even, you called me daughter."

"But I never let you call me mother.  
I am glad of that now."

"I was no part of madame's plans that  
Idele should really be suspected. She  
only wanted to separate her from Philip.  
When she found her room vacant,  
she concealed her absence at first on a  
pretence of illness, and then after a  
time gave out that she had gone to visit  
a relative of her own."

Philip, however, had to be told some-  
thing nearer the truth. So she told  
him where she found the string of car-  
buncles, and how Idele looked when  
she showed them to her. But not a  
word more.

"It is very strange," said Philip,  
wonderingly. "I shall scold her well  
for having secrets from me, when I find  
her."

"You will never marry her after  
this?" madame asked, with looks of  
horror.

"Why not?"  
"She must know something about the  
killing of poor Cock Robin. Perhaps  
she had gone to the summer-house to  
meet a lover, and the boy saw her."

"What do you mean mother?"  
"I never thought she was so much in  
love with you as you with her."

Philip's eyes flashed.  
"I will search the world over but  
that I will find her, he said.

Madame leaned on her gold-headed  
cane and looked at it with a grim face.  
"Find her if you can," she thought but  
did not say.

Three years passed. Philip had sought  
in vain for Idele. The mystery of her  
disappearance, and the mystery of who  
killed poor Cock Robin, were mysteri-  
ous still.

One night a gang of desperadoes tried  
to rob Fauschawer Hall.  
They had got into the house, and  
were trying to get the door of the plate  
closet open, when Nora Reese, who  
slept near, heard them and went, as  
still as a mouse, and waked her master,  
and some of the men servants.

The robbers had got inside the plate-  
closet and were jilting the silver into a  
bag they had brought with them, when  
Philip and his two brothers burst in.  
A general rush and scramble followed,  
and some shots were fired. The villains  
all escaped but one. He was wounded,  
but he would scarcely have got away  
if he had not been; for Nora Reese had  
sprung upon him at first, and clung to  
him like a wild cat.

"It's the man that killed my Bobby,  
and I know it!" she screamed.  
The man fought her a little at first,  
but when she said that he stopped, and  
leaned against the wall, gasping and  
starting with staring eyes, while the  
blood dropped from his wound upon  
the floor.

"What do you mean?" he said. How  
do you know I killed him?"  
"I heard the others call you, Carlo,  
and Carlo was on the knife. I know it  
was you!"  
"Do you mean that truly?" he said.  
"Yes I did kill him. 'I'll own up, for  
I believe I'm dying myself now.'"  
Philip Fauschawer sprang forward and  
caught him as he was falling, and they  
laid him gently down upon the floor.

"It was the cruellest thing I ever did,"  
he went on, in a regretful tone.  
"It was," said Philip, sternly. "Why  
did you kill him?"  
The man stared at Philip.  
"Why, you're the fellow I'd like to  
have married," he said. "Do you love  
her yet?"  
"I shall love her till I die!" Philip  
answered, setting his lips. "What were  
you to her?"  
"I belonged to the gipsy band who  
stole her from her father's house a  
baby. I was present when the madame  
took a fancy to her up to her, and the  
band money to give her up to her. When  
I heard she was going to marry you, I  
thought I saw my way to make some  
money. I pretended to be her father,  
and got her to meet me in the summer-  
house that night, and talk to over. She  
didn't believe me, but she said she  
would think about what I had said.  
And then she picked some yellow roses,  
and told me if I passed next morning,  
and saw her wearing some of them, I  
might know she still refused to believe  
me."

"After she had gone I went out and  
found the boy there listening, and I  
killed him, partly in temper, partly be-  
cause I was afraid he would tell what  
he had heard. Poor Idele! The sight  
of that dead boy convinced her I had  
told the truth, or I would not have  
killed him to keep it from being known;  
and she fled from you to avoid betray-  
ing the man she supposed to be her  
father."

"Do you know where she is now?"  
"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't  
know."

Philip asked, his face tawny in  
spite of him.

"She is living with her own mother  
as lady's companion. Her mother is  
the widow of Lord Tulliver. They are  
fond of each other, but they do not  
guess the truth. They are at Tulliver  
Park in Yorkshire now."

Such was the substance of Carlo's  
story, omitting the many interruptions,  
the long pauses, caused by his weak  
and dying condition.

He died the next day. But he lived  
long enough to complete and attest by  
solemn oath, all these statements, as  
well as to tell where other witnesses  
to their truth might be found.

Philip lost no time in seeking his lost  
love, and brought her back to Fauschawer  
Hall as his wife, after a little delay, as  
possible.

Madame, his mother, was very glad  
to see her.

"I always liked you, my dear. You  
know I was as fond of you as I could be  
till Philip wanted to marry you," she  
said coolly to Idele. "But I had fol-  
lowed you to the summer-house that  
night, and Cock Robin was not the only  
'listener there. I wonder if that wretch  
would have killed me if he had found  
me. I believed him when he said he  
was your father, and you know I could  
not let Philip marry the daughter of a  
man like that—a murderer, too."

The Washington Monument.

Mr. W. W. Story was before the Senate  
Committee on Public Buildings and  
Grounds at Washington recently, and  
gave his opinion of the Washington  
monument. Among other things which  
he said regarding it was the following:  
My notion was that you might decorate  
it by bringing out the corners so as to give  
relief with pilasters in the Renaissance  
style; to make a lofty tower instead of  
an obelisk, for the declension of line is  
very slight indeed, and could very easily  
be obliterated; then, to lift it out at the  
top; to mutilate it; carry it up into a  
double cone or spire, above which could  
also be decorated, the entablature to be  
covered with any decoration you might  
choose—whether historical, ideal, or  
representative; and then at the base to  
construct a large porch or out-jutting  
portion of considerable extent with en-  
tablature, there make an arch and  
therein plant a colossal statue of Wash-  
ington. That is the only mode in which  
I see that this monument could be ren-  
dered beautiful and effective. Failing  
to do this the only other thing which  
remains is the destruction of this monu-  
ment and the rearing of a totally differ-  
ent monument out of the materials of  
this. The most beautiful thing that  
could be made, said this artist, would  
be a magnificent canopy, either of the  
Renaissance or Gothic style, enriched  
by entablature and supported by col-  
umns; a dado or pedestal in the centre;  
on top of that a colossal figure of Wash-  
ington, and the base of that decorated  
with *alto-relievo* figures, representative  
of all the great men of the Revolution  
and of subsequent time. By that means  
there might be a procession of magnifi-  
cent statues going all about the base,  
which in themselves would be exceed-  
ingly interesting, if well done. Then  
the statue of Washington would be  
within the proper angle of vision.  
You would be looking at it as you ap-  
proached it, just as it should be seen.  
With this canopy over the whole it  
would be protected from the weather.  
It might be made in marble or other  
stone, but would look best in marble.  
Mr. Story thinks that the site of the  
present monument is not the best that  
could be selected.

The Place Where the Sun Jumps a Day.

Chatham Island, lying off the coast  
of New Zealand, in the South Pacific  
Ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is  
one of the habitable parts of the globe  
where the day of the week changes. It  
is just in the line of demarcation be-  
tween dates. There, at high twelve  
Sunday noon ceases, and instantly Mon-  
day meridian begins. Sunday comes  
into a man's house on the east side,  
and becomes Monday by the time it  
passes out the western door. A man  
sits down to his noonday dinner on  
Sunday, and it is Monday noon before  
he finishes it. There Saturday is Mon-  
day, and Sunday is Monday, and Mon-  
day becomes suddenly transferred into  
Tuesday. It is a good place for people  
who have lost much time for, by tak-  
ing an early start, they can always get  
a day ahead on Chatham Island. It  
took philosophers and geographers a  
long time to settle the puzzle of where  
Sunday noon ceased and Monday noon  
began, with a man traveling west fif-  
teen degrees an hour, or with the sun.  
It is to be hoped that the next English  
Arctic Expedition will settle the other  
mooted question: "Where will one stop  
who travels northwest continually?"  
National Repository.

What the Microscope Reveals.

Mold is a forest of beautiful trees,  
with the branches, leaves, and fruit.  
Butterflies are fully feathered.  
Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered  
with scales like a fish; a single grain  
of sand would cover one hundred and  
fifty of these scales, and yet a scale cov-  
ers five hundred pores. Through these  
narrow openings the perspiration forces  
itself like water through a sieve.

Each drop of stagnant water contains  
a world of living creatures, swimming  
with as much liberty as whales in the  
sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects  
grazing on it, like cows in a meadow.  
Exchange.

The New York Graphic says: Many  
papers are terribly alarmed lest silver  
about to become so plenty that it will  
be worth anything. The amount of  
silver mined annually is represented as  
"enormous." Let us go to the figures:  
There is now said to be, in round num-  
bers, \$6,000,000,000 worth of silver in  
the world; of this, \$2,800,000,000 worth  
—or nearly half—is in money. The an-  
nual produce of silver, for the last  
twenty-eight years, has been only about  
\$300,000,000 a year. This is just one per  
cent. of the total amount on hand—and  
this can scarcely be thought too much  
to keep pace with the increase of popu-  
lation in the world and to do the  
constant wear and loss. Now to the  
gold. The total amount in the world  
is not far from \$4,000,000,000 worth.  
Two-thirds as much as the silver in val-  
ue. But during the last twenty-eight  
years the vast sum of \$100,000,000 worth  
has been added to it annually, or three  
per cent. of the whole amount—doub-  
ling it in thirty-three years! This  
shows that gold increases more than  
twice as fast as silver, and that it is sil-  
ver, not gold, that is the conservative  
metal, and gold, not silver, that is fev-  
erish, capricious, and untrustworthy.

Domestic Contrasts.

I suppose most of us can call to mind  
some kind, good, reliable woman, whose  
house is always clean and neat, her bills  
paid, her children in order, body and  
mind, her husband and maid, canary  
and cat, well fed, well dressed, comely,  
and content. If you ask her for hospi-  
tality, what she gives you is good and  
well prepared; if she executes a commis-  
sion for you she gets you good materi-  
als and correct change; if she conveys  
her daughters or young friends on a  
journey they neither miss the train nor  
lose their luggage. She is every way  
efficient. You may find her a little  
brilliant in her best dress, a little pro-  
nounced in her tastes, perhaps a little  
bigoted in her opinions; but on the  
whole you will find that her occupa-  
tion, whether in needlework or house-  
keeping, managing a shop or adminis-  
tering a farm, is diligently, methodi-  
cally, and skillfully carried on. Her  
arrangements for mind, body and es-  
tate, tell you that she knows her busi-  
ness and does it; her rights, and takes them  
without talking about them; her style,  
and keeps to it. Everybody feels that  
she is a respectable woman, and she  
would not thank you to prefix gentle.  
Look now into another house. Like the  
last it is clean and well ordered; but  
though perhaps even less expensive,  
the arrangements betray more thought.  
Its mistress meets you perhaps unex-  
pectedly, but she is composed—able and  
willing to understand what you have  
come about. Her topics may be old-  
fashioned; her dress not quite of the  
mode; her occupation homely or labo-  
rious; but she is perfectly self-pos-  
sessed in spite of surprise, anxiety,  
or annoyance. Her language and hear-  
ing indicate the reading and hearing  
of the best English, and the best  
books on such subjects as she talks  
about; her furniture may be worn and  
scanty, but disorder, incongruity, and  
disorganization she does not tolerate.  
You feel that there is a difference be-  
tween her and her equally respectable  
neighbor. You say to yourself that she  
is a *gentlewoman*. But now seek a little  
farther, and you will meet with one  
whose frank, courteous, but decided  
manner tell you that she has never known  
personal, domestic, and social arrange-  
ments every detail is complete, elegant  
and modern; her dress and establish-  
ment handsome, and like her pursuits  
or amusements, chosen according to the  
taste of the day, or her own, without  
any restriction on account of the money  
or service which they require. This  
woman may or may not be noble; she  
may or may not be dignified or refined,  
or even what we have described as thor-  
oughly respectable, that is, efficient in  
all relations of life; but a lady she is,  
and whether for evil or for good, a  
leader she certainly will be. To be  
thoroughly respectable, then, a woman  
must be efficient. She may be mistress  
of a large, a shop, a manor, or a king-  
dom, but whatever or wherever she is,  
she must shrewdly estimate and perse-  
veringly satisfy the claims of her busi-  
ness, her place, and her style. And let  
me remark that there is no sharp line of  
distinction here between mistress and  
servant, employer and employed. All  
alike require good sense, technical  
ability, and integrity of purpose. These  
three objects, therefore, must be stead-  
fastly before our eyes, whatever our birth  
or prospects. Given good sense, tech-  
nical ability, and integrity of purpose,  
what more is wanted to make a gentle-  
woman? Dignity, refinement, and that  
kind of information commonly called a  
"liberal education."—The Fireside.

Dean Stanley on Questioning.

A curious method of evading a will  
is reported from Warsaw, Poland. A  
girl of twenty-three was left a fortune  
on condition of marrying. Her rela-  
tives pressed an unwelcome suitor upon  
her, hoping to share the money with  
him if he should be accepted, and with  
the prospect of getting the whole if he  
was refused. The lady, instead of giv-  
ing way to despair, made a bargain with  
an elderly mendicant of eighty-two  
years, who, for a stated sum, consented  
to become her husband, as a matter of  
form and to disappear afterward. The  
arrangement was carried out. All the  
beggars of the town attending the cere-  
mony. The property was duly trans-  
ferred to the bride, and she started forth-  
with alone upon a tour of the continent.

Food for Thought.

The flower of sweetest smell is  
and lowly.  
A happy set of men—Soldiers  
transports.  
Nothing but a good life can fit  
for a better one.  
A cheerful hope brings light on  
darkness and keeps us steady and  
moved.  
Sacrifice they will for others,  
they may be disposed to sacrifice  
themselves for these.  
People learn wisdom from experience.  
A man never wakes up his second  
time to see it laugh.  
The man who is taught in the  
school of experience will never forget the  
sons learned there.  
A great secret of education is to  
the exercises of the body and to the  
mind serve always as a recrea-  
tion to each other.  
When a woman smiles at an affi-  
one of two things is certain. She  
either lost all modesty or she is  
of her revenge.  
Men rather trust their eyes to  
their ears; the effect of proceeding  
fore slow and tedious, whilst that of  
ample is summary and effectual.  
There is a wonderful vigor of ocu-  
lation in a popular fallacy. When  
world has once got hold of a lie, it is  
astonishing how hard it is to get on  
the world.  
God is a light that is never damped  
an unwarmed life that cannot die;  
"always flowing; a garden  
life; a summary of wisdom.  
We often seek to imagine that  
property of the mind resembling the  
property of sea water, that it loses its  
deleterious particles, when once  
fairly frozen.  
It is as difficult to win over an en-  
slaved by force of reasoning, as to  
seducer a lover of his mistress's sec-  
to convince a man who is at law of  
badness of his cause.  
Such as have virtue always in a  
mouth and neglect it in practice  
like a harp which emits a sound  
pleasing to others, while its own body  
wholly insensible to the music  
ducel.  
A resolution that is communed  
no longer in thy power; thy intent  
now become the plighting of char-  
the who would have his comrade's  
taintly carried out must take  
surprise.  
Kindness does not always pro-  
what we expect; from a hand which  
hate they are regarded as offences;  
more we lavish upon one who makes  
us, the more arms we give him  
wishes to betray us.  
Pure imagination, of which the  
liet of winged creatures is the  
symbol, seems always to gain in  
and grace by the unexpressed ex-  
ters, and in contrary winds to  
the brightest plumage.  
A good conscience is better than  
witnesses. It will consume your  
as the sun dissolves ice. It is a  
when you are thirsty; staff of life  
are weary; a screen when the sun  
you, and a pillow in death.  
The men whose minds and hands  
busy, and no time to weep and  
work is slack, spend the time in  
work; no man ever knew too much;  
the hardest students in the world are  
old men who know the most.  
Never was a human machine re-  
duced without many trials and  
failures; whereas this universe, in its  
endless complication, was perfect  
its production, perfected the lines  
its great Author, even from eter-  
nity.  
Too much reproach "for leaps and  
falls on either side." Prickled  
sharply, the delinquent, like a goat-  
bull, grows sullen and savage, and  
persecution continuing, ends in  
ranging madly on the spear that won  
him—Bore.  
It is both a misery and a shame for  
man to be a bankrupt in love, which  
may easily pay and be never the  
impooverished. I will be in man's  
debt for good will, but will at least  
turn every man his own measure,  
not with usury.  
Love is the regnant attribute of  
divine nature; I do not find any ex-  
pression in Scripture. We do not  
find it said, God is mercy, God is  
kindness, God is love. No; the expres-  
sion is "God is love."—Erskine.  
Nations that go to war usually  
agine that they have good reasons for  
doing, but, as Mr. Bright sagely re-  
marked, in a late speech, "they  
ways distorted, even for ten years  
a war, that the reason had not been  
sufficient for the sacrifice of life and  
waste of money."  
The world produces, for every pe-  
dram of pleasure a pound of pain;  
for every inch of mirth, an ell of moan;  
and as ivy twines around the oak, so  
misery and misfortune encompass  
happiness of man. "Felicity—pure,  
un alloyed felicity—is not a thing of  
earth; her gardens are the skies.  
It is in the minute circumstances of  
man's conduct that we are to find  
his real character. In the great  
under the influence. In the posi-  
position, and acts for himself; while  
his more open and important actions  
may be drawn by public opinion,  
from many other external motives,  
from the bias which his disposition would  
have taken.  
By a wondrous susceptibility to  
the impressions of nature, the man  
finds the receptacle of all his  
thoughts, of happy relations to all  
The imagination, enriched him, as  
there were no other; the memory oper-  
at her cabinets and archives; she  
her length and breadth; poetry is  
splendor and joy, and the august  
of eternal joy.  
One thing is plain; a certain person  
virtue is essential to freedom; and  
begins to be doubtful whether our cor-  
ruption in this country has not gone  
a little over the mark of safety, so  
when canvassed we shall be found  
made up of a minority of 'reck-  
lessers. The divine know-  
ed out of us, and we  
enough to be free.

well put.  
The New York Graphic says: Many  
papers are terribly alarmed lest silver  
about to become so plenty that it will  
be worth anything. The amount of  
silver mined annually is represented as  
"enormous." Let us go to the figures:  
There is now said to be, in round num-  
bers, \$6,000,000,000 worth of silver in  
the world; of this, \$2,800,000,000 worth  
—or nearly half—is in money. The an-  
nual produce of silver, for the last  
twenty-eight years, has been only about  
\$300,000,000 a year. This is just one per  
cent. of the total amount on hand—and  
this can scarcely be thought too much  
to keep pace with the increase of popu-  
lation in the world and to do the  
constant wear and loss. Now to the  
gold. The total amount in the world  
is not far from \$4,000,000,000 worth.  
Two-thirds as much as the silver in val-  
ue. But during the last twenty-eight  
years the vast sum of \$100,000,000 worth  
has been added to it annually, or three  
per cent. of the whole amount—doub-  
ling it in thirty-three years! This  
shows that gold increases more than  
twice as fast as silver, and that it is sil-  
ver, not gold, that is the conservative  
metal, and gold, not silver, that is fev-  
erish, capricious, and untrustworthy.

Domestic Contrasts.

I suppose most of us can call to mind  
some kind, good, reliable woman, whose  
house is always clean and neat, her bills  
paid, her children in order, body and  
mind, her husband and maid, canary  
and cat, well fed, well dressed, comely,  
and content. If you ask her for hospi-  
tality, what she gives you is good and  
well prepared; if she executes a commis-  
sion for you she gets you good materi-  
als and correct change; if she conveys  
her daughters or young friends on a  
journey they neither miss the train nor  
lose their luggage. She is every way  
efficient. You may find her a little  
brilliant in her best dress, a little pro-  
nounced in her tastes, perhaps a little  
bigoted in her opinions; but on the  
whole you will find that her occupa-  
tion, whether in needlework or house-  
keeping, managing a shop or adminis-  
tering a farm, is diligently, methodi-  
cally, and skillfully carried on. Her  
arrangements for mind, body and es-  
tate, tell you that she knows her busi-  
ness and does it; her rights, and takes them  
without talking about them; her style,  
and keeps to it. Everybody feels that  
she is a respectable woman, and she  
would not thank you to prefix gentle.  
Look now into another house. Like the  
last it is clean and well ordered; but  
though perhaps even less expensive,  
the arrangements betray more thought.  
Its mistress meets you perhaps unex-  
pectedly, but she is composed—able and  
willing to understand what you have  
come about. Her topics may be old-  
fashioned; her dress not quite of the  
mode; her occupation homely or labo-  
rious; but she is perfectly self-pos-  
sessed in spite of surprise, anxiety,  
or annoyance. Her language and hear-  
ing indicate the reading and hearing  
of the best English, and the best  
books on such subjects as she talks  
about; her furniture may be worn and  
scanty, but disorder, incongruity, and  
disorganization she does not tolerate.  
You feel that there is a difference be-  
tween her and her equally respectable  
neighbor. You say to yourself that she  
is a *gentlewoman*. But now seek a little  
farther, and you will meet with one  
whose frank, courteous, but decided  
manner tell you that she has never known  
personal, domestic, and social arrange-  
ments every detail is complete, elegant  
and modern; her dress and establish-  
ment handsome, and like her pursuits  
or amusements, chosen according to the  
taste of the day, or her own, without  
any restriction on account of the money  
or service which they require. This  
woman may or may not be noble; she  
may or may not be dignified or refined,  
or even what we have described as thor-  
oughly respectable, that is, efficient in  
all relations of life; but a lady she is,  
and whether for evil or for good, a  
leader she certainly will be. To be  
thoroughly respectable, then, a woman  
must be efficient. She may be mistress  
of a large, a shop, a manor, or a king-  
dom, but whatever or wherever she is,  
she must shrewdly estimate and perse-  
veringly satisfy the claims of her busi-  
ness, her place, and her style. And let  
me remark that there is no sharp line of  
distinction here between mistress and  
servant, employer and employed. All  
alike require good sense, technical  
ability, and integrity of purpose. These  
three objects, therefore, must be stead-  
fastly before our eyes, whatever our birth  
or prospects. Given good sense, tech-  
nical ability, and integrity of purpose,  
what more is wanted to make a gentle-  
woman? Dignity, refinement, and that  
kind of information commonly called a  
"liberal education."—The Fireside.

Dean Stanley on Questioning.

A curious method of evading a will  
is reported from Warsaw, Poland. A  
girl of twenty-three was left a fortune  
on condition of marrying. Her rela-  
tives pressed an unwelcome suitor upon  
her, hoping to share the money with  
him if he should be accepted, and with  
the prospect of getting the whole if he  
was refused. The lady, instead of giv-  
ing way to despair, made a bargain with  
an elderly mendicant of eighty-two  
years, who, for a stated sum, consented  
to become her husband, as a matter of  
form and to disappear afterward. The  
arrangement was carried out. All the  
beggars of the town attending the cere-  
mony. The property was duly trans-  
ferred to the bride, and she started forth-  
with alone upon a tour of the continent.

Food for Thought.

The flower of sweetest smell is  
and lowly.  
A happy set of men—Soldiers  
transports.  
Nothing but a good life can fit  
for a better one.  
A cheerful hope brings light on  
darkness and keeps us steady and  
moved.  
Sacrifice they will for others,  
they may be disposed to sacrifice  
themselves for these.  
People learn wisdom from experience.  
A man never wakes up his second  
time to see it laugh.  
The man who is taught in the  
school of experience will never forget the  
sons learned there.  
A great secret of education is to  
the exercises of the body and to the  
mind serve always as a recrea-  
tion to each other.  
When a woman smiles at an affi-  
one of two things is certain. She  
either lost all modesty or she is  
of her revenge.  
Men rather trust their eyes to  
their ears; the effect of proceeding  
fore slow and tedious, whilst that of  
ample is summary and effectual.  
There is a wonderful vigor of ocu-  
lation in a popular fallacy. When  
world has once got hold of a lie, it is  
astonishing how hard it is to get on  
the world.  
God is a light that is never damped  
an unwarmed life that cannot die;  
"always flowing; a garden  
life; a summary of wisdom.  
We often seek to imagine that  
property of the mind resembling the  
property of sea water, that it loses its  
deleterious particles, when once



